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Intellikat, you S.O.B.

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Chapter 1 by intellikat

Intellikat sat in his room scratching his head with one paw.

It was true. His attempts at writing stories, though amassing a high score on Story Wars, were certainly not as good as those by Luke Meyers or Lance Felix or even Oxyscapist (who had written a deadly poem that was still being analysed by CIA spooks for back-engineering). He knew that his amassed points were not through any vaunted brilliance, but rather a proliferation of the site by quick drafts, sometimes one-liners or terse paragraphs. He could certainly be accused of quantity, but now he was being accused of (lack of) quality. He didn't mind, though. He was writing for his own entertainment's sake primarily, and never took it all that seriously. He had a goal set of not spending more than a handful of minutes on any one draft, to type left-pawed, and to leave the stories he liked but didn't want to mess up alone. However, innane (not insane) ones were fair game. He couldn't help it. Story Wars had opened a wonderful grey area open to exploit. Like a rap battle, Story WARS left you open to gentle mockery. Even Luke Meyers' was guilty of it... But for goodness sake. No punches had been thrown. No threats. No beheadings. It was, perhaps, a first-world problem, this concern with his writing?

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formatting. Odd storylines that went nowhere... but all with no tongue-in-cheek responses. They took his writing to be offensive. Like hippies, they offered him flowers, and asked him to be happy. His CAPS LOCK story, perhaps, was too aggressive, this was true. His unfortunate error in underestimating a parent's ability to actually name their child Knucklepants had been a step too far into a hornet's nest. His own username had been used referentially by others as well, BUT HE LIKED IT. Bring it on. Let's write some stories together, he thought.

Joakim was excited about where things were going. So much passion! So many writers exploiting his structure to create their own ideas of what a story was, or how to tell it. His monster was alive! And no punches thrown yet. Really, not even any high-density dirty words or spam. People even blacked out their own sh*t! They were in the golden days. Before the dark times. Before the Empire.

Intellikat leaned back and exposed his belly. There was no one there to rub it, so he just looked around one way and then the other. His master would return soon. He was a happy cat! Didn't they know?

Well, Intellikat didn't really care one way or another. He decided to spend a week putting his sub-par writing (not nearly as good as Luke Meyers' or Felix Wilson's) toward a new goal. Rescuing those poor stories stuck in Story Wars limbo. Forever trapped on their first chapter. He would not dare to touch Mrs. Alma's, Leonard(o)'s, Gabriel's, Marilu's, Clawdeen's, Gounaitory's, or Knu--Diego's stories. Whatever story they had won a chapter in... he would steer his paws AWAY! This might give them to the chance to develop their writing skills in the comfort and safety of their own group's votes. Safe from criticism. Safe from his silly little jokes. After all, these were WRITERS. And writers should never develop a thick-skin or a sense of levity, because it endangers their ability... to write from the heart. It's a serious world out there, full of trash and poo. The only way you will grow is if you demand what you want and you get it, by god. And they had demanded. Intellikat was happy to give them the world they wanted.

Intellikat shot a quick message to Joakim, the creator of Story Wars. He asked him to delete 500 of his amassed points. He would never feel right with those points knowing they had been

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Brandon Monroe High School

spelling bee champion

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Intellikat limped from the sofa and went outside to sit on his little bike with Fido.

Chapter 2 by Joakim

I could but never take your points away because I love your creative mayhem. Story Wars is to be a free zone where creativity is number one and I really want you to just go wild with fun ideas.

We are going to add locked stories for people who want to write more controlled stories but I want you to have fun writing. Writing can be so pretentious. It shouldn't have to be like that!

/Joakim

Chapter 3 by Selena Raynee

IMHO:

- a) there should be no taking sides here...
- b) certain 'stories' that were used for 'communication' (more like arguing) should be moved to forum
- c) humans aren't perfect, it's silly to expect that everyone will have proper grammar (even more so for non-native speakers)
- d) all humans are different, it's silly to expect that everyone will like everything that's been written

AND

I have no idea what happened to 'be nice' :(

Chapter 4 by intellikat

Just write a story.

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Chapter 6 by intellikat



A NICE new story, utilising Sans Serif, taut and firm.

Chapter 7 by Rinat Menyashev



Agree, NICE is a beautiful city, been there twice

Chapter 8 by Luke Meyers



The second time was TWICE as NICE.

the end

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